

RATTLERS



THE RATTLESNAKE IS TO BE FOUND ALL OVER THE COW COUNTRY. IT IS A MENACE AND A DANGER TO THE MEN AND ANIMALS WHERE EVER IT IS FOUND. IT LIES COILED UP IN THE SHADE OF THE SAGE BRUSH OR UNDER ROCKS OR IN OLD BUILDINGS READY TO STRIKE AT ANYTHING THAT COMES NEAR. THERE IS USUALLY A WARNING RATTLE BEFORE IT STRIKES BUT EVERY COWBOY KNOWS THAT THERE VERY OFTEN ISN'T.



THE LONG SHARP FANGS OF THE RATTLESNAKE ARE LIKE HOLLOW NEEDLES. WHEN THEY PIERCE A VICTIM, POISON IS INJECTED THRU THEM INTO THE BLOOD STREAM. THE SNAKE'S TONGUE IS ONLY A FEELER AND IS NOT POISONOUS.



IT IS FALSE, BUT STILL BELIEVED BY MANY, THAT IF A HORSE HAIR ROPE IS LAID IN A CIRCLE AROUND A MAN SLEEPING ON THE GROUND IT WILL KEEP RATTLESNAKES AWAY. MANY THINGS HAVE PROVED THAT THEY CARE LITTLE OR NOTHING ABOUT THE ROPE.

HOPi SNAKE DANCE



ON THE HOPi RESERVATION EVERY AUGUST, THE INDIANS PERFORM THE DANGEROUS SNAKE DANCE. THE DANCERS HOLD LIVE RATTLESNAKES IN THEIR HANDS AND EVEN BETWEEN THEIR TEETH. THEY DANCE ALL DAY AND THE INDIANS THOUGH OFFER MANY TIMES OVEN TO SUFFER NO ILL EFFECTS.









ALL NIGHT LONG, SASSY LABORED TO FREE HIMSELF. BY THE NEXT DAY, WORD HAD SPREAD OF HIS ABSENCE FROM THE BAR. NOTHING

SHORE IS A SHAME ABOUT POOR OLD SASSY. HIS HEART WAS ALMOST AS BIG AS HIS MOUTH:



IT DON'T PAY TO BACK THE HADLESS HORSEMAN!



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP OFF THE PUBLIC GRADING LANDS IN THE RIVER VALLEY! APPEARED TO BE THE HAD-LESS HORSE'S OWN TERRITORY!



MEANWHILE, COLD AND RUDDY, SASSY FINALLY EMERGES FROM THE FORD!



I GOTTA WARM UP SOMEHOW! IF IT LOOKS BARE, I'LL SLIP INTO THAT HOUSE AND MAKE A FIRE!

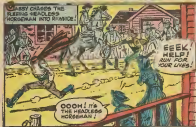


I'VE WON! ALL TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF THE PUBLIC GRADING AREA ARE UNDER MY CONTROL! BRRR! THAT FIBB LOOKS PLUMB FURTY!











Western Quiz

There's an opportunity to be a quiz king for the day! Answering the quiz correctly will earn you a prize. Answer: 1. Correct, Excellent! 2. Correct, Good! 3. or 2, Fair! And 4. Poor!

1. A MARTINGALE IS A PRAIRIE BIRD.
☐ True ☐ False

2. CALIFORNIA IS FURTHER WEST THAN LOS ANGELES.
☐ True ☐ False

3. ARIZONA IS THE SECOND LARGEST CATTLE RAISING STATE IN THE UNITED STATES.
☐ True ☐ False

4. IN ANYWHERE IS A TYPE OF TEN GALLON HAT.
☐ True ☐ False

5. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

6. NEVADA IS THE SECOND LARGEST CATTLE RAISING STATE IN THE UNITED STATES.
☐ True ☐ False

7. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

8. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

9. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

10. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

11. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

12. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

13. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

14. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

15. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

16. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

17. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

18. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

19. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

20. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

21. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

22. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

23. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

24. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

25. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

26. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

27. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

28. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

29. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

30. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

31. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

32. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

33. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

34. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

35. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

36. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

37. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

38. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

39. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

40. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

41. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

42. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

43. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

44. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

45. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

46. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

47. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

48. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

49. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

50. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

51. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

52. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

53. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

54. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

55. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

56. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

57. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

58. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

59. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

60. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

61. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

62. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

63. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

64. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

65. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

66. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

67. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

68. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

69. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

70. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

71. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

72. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

73. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

74. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

75. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

76. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

77. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

78. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

79. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

80. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

81. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

82. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

83. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

84. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

85. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

86. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

87. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

88. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

89. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

90. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

91. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

92. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

93. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

94. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

95. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

96. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

97. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

98. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

99. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

100. A CORN IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.
☐ True ☐ False

YOUNG FALCON

and THE STRANGE SLEEP!

YOUNG FALCON, LONE HUNSMAN OF THE ROCKS, STAYS AT THE TRIBAL CAMP OF SOME FRIENDS! IT IS THE SEASON WHEN THE INDIAN TRIBE HAVE AWAYED THE SUMMER TRAPPINGS OF FURS TO TAKE THEM TO MARKET TO SELL. YOUNG FALCON WONDER HOW HIS FRIENDS HAVE FADED! BUT, ENTERING THE CAVE, HE FINDS A STRANGE SIGHT AS—

I CANNOT MAKE ANY OF THEM! THEY ARE ALL STRANGELY SLEEPING! BUT THE SUN IS HIGH AND THIS IS NOT A TIME FOR SLEEP!



THE TRIBAL KETTLE STILL BURNS, AND THEIR DISHES OF FOOD LAY ABOUT! YET EVEN CHIEF RED HORSE, HERE, SLEEPS!



YOUNG FALCON PEEKS INTO THE HALF-DARKNESS OF A TEEPEE, WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM ONE SIDE—

NOTHING IN—OOH!



YOUNG FALCON IS DUMBSTUN— UNCONSCIOUS! LATER—HE WAKENS SLOWLY AND RECALLS

OOOH, MY HEAD! WHAT A BLOW! AND MY FRIENDS, THEY ARE STILL IN THAT STRANGE SLEEP. I WILL TRY WAKING THE CHIEF AGAIN!



THIS TIME, THE CHIEF WAKENS, AND STILL HALF-DRESSED, TELLS YOUNG FALCON HIS STORY—

WE WERE ABOUT TO HAVE THE MOONDAY MEAL WHEN A TRAVELER APPEARED! HE WAS WEIRDY AND ASKED FOR AID. OF COURSE, WE OFFERED HIM SOME FOOD...



"THE MAN WAS SO HUNGRY HE HOVERED BESIDE THE TRIBAL KETTLE TILL WE GAVE HIM A DRY-UP OF FOOD! THEN HE ALL-OF-A-SUDEN SAT DOWN TO OUR MEAL! I RECALL SUDDENLY FEELING VERY SLEEPY—"

I FEEL SO TIRED, SO DROWSY!...

I FEEL MUCH BETTER, THANKS TO YOUR HOSPITALITY!



AND THAT'S THE LAST I REMEMBER TILL YOU WAKENED ME! NOW, I SEE I WAS NOT ALONE IN FALLING ASLEEP! THE REST OF MY PEOPLE STILL SLUMBER! AND THIS TRAVELER, HE IS GONE!

IT IS PLAIN THAT, WHILE NO ONE WATCHED, HE TAKEN SOME KIND OF DRUG INTO THE TRIBAL KETTLE! IT RUINED EVERY-ONE! FALL ASLEEP AFTER EATING, WHILE HE ONLY WATCHED AND WAITED!



I KNOW NOT WHY HE WOULD DO THIS! PERHAPS, HE INTENDED TO STEAL SOMETHING?

STEAL! COME, QUICKLY, TO THE STOREHOUSE! OUR SEASON'S TRAPPINGS OF FUR ARE THERE!



GORY! EVERY ONE OF OUR FURS STOLEN! SO, THIS EXPLAINS IT!

WE WILL NEVER CATCH THAT GORY! LOOK, MY DEAR, STILL SLEEP! EVEN IF THEY WAKE, THE DRUG WILL BE HEAVY UPON THEM, AS IT IS ON ME, NET!

I WILL GO AFTER THIS TRAVELER! YES, I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SETTLE WITH HIM, TOO!



SOON AFTER, YOUNG FALCON HURRIES THROUGH THE FOREST—

BEYOND HIGH RIDGE IS THE TRIBAL CAMP OF THE ONAGONTOS TRIBE! THEY, TOO, WILL HAVE THEIR SEASON'S FURS STORED FOR SELLING, AND I WAGER THAT TRAVELER WILL TURN UP THERE!



WHEN YOUNG FALCON REACHES THE CHACONDI CAMP THE DRUMS BEAT IF NEAR-READY AND THE TRAVELER HAS ALREADY AGREED, SO—

I COME A LONG WAY, O CHIEF, AND I AM WEARY. MAY I REST WITH YOUR PEOPLE?

OF COURSE, YOUNG BRAVE! SET, THAT MAN, TOO, DRUMS WITH US! HE ARE ABOUT TO SET! I WILL SEE YOU PARTAKE WITH US!

THANK YOU, CHIEF!

HE HAS NO SACK! HE MUST HAVE THE FURS HIDDEN SOMEPLACE! I CANNOT ACCUSE WITHOUT EVIDENCE! SO, I WILL REMAIN SILENT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

YOUNG FALCON IS GIVEN SOME FOOD, BUT THEN, WHILE NO ONE WATCHES—

THE TRAVELER HAS APPARENTLY BEEN AT THE TRIBAL KETTLE ALREADY! I SHALL GET RID OF THIS FOOD IN MY OWN WAY! I NOTICE THE TRAVELER HAS FOOD—BUT SAYS! NOT!

SOON—

THE DRUMS FALL ASLEEP ALREADY! I WILL ATTEMPT TO DO THE SAME!

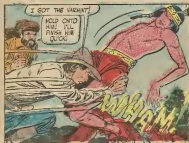
THEN, AS HE FEELS DRUGGED SLEEP, YOUNG FALCON WATCHES THE TRAVELER TOSS, AND—

HE HEADS FOR THE TEEPE WHERE THE TRIBE'S FURS ARE STORED NOW THAT EVERYONE'S ASLEEP! I WILL LET HIM TAKE THE FURS AND FOLLOW HIM! HE'LL LEAD ME TO WHERE HE'S HIDDEN THE OTHERS!

THERE! HE GOES!

LATER, IN THE DEEP FOREST, YOUNG FALCON FOLLOWS THE THIEF UNTIL—

SO, HE HAS FRIENDS! NO WONDER HE DIVULGED OF THE OTHER FURS SO QUICKLY!



GABBY HAYES

GUNSMOKE at EAGLE ROCK

Gabby may be a comical old waddy, but you can't laugh him off, as three outlaws discover when they almost die laughing in **GUNSMOKE at EAGLE ROCK**.

LAND BAKES, GABBY! WHY GET SO HET UP? I ONLY SAID TIPPY WENT HUNTING FOR EAGLE EGGS AT EAGLE ROCK!

DON'DUST IT! SOON AS I GRAB A LITTLE SHUTEYE THAT SPROUT GETS INTO TROUBLE!





YEOW!
MY WHISKERS!



IF THEM DANGEROUS BIRDS
POCK ME OFF THIS LOG, I'
LL DROP A THOUSAND FEET!



GABBY'S BELLOWING WARMS
HEARTLESS WIDOW AND HIS MEN.



A VISITOR, TO OUR
HIDE-OUT! WELCOME,
STRANGER!

HEARTLESS
WIDOW!



LOOK OUT!
WE'VE GOT A
CANNON!



KEEP AWAY FROM
THE EDGE, MEN!
THAT KIND OF
HARDWARE IS
PLUMB
DANGEROUS!

MY HUNCH
ABOUT
HEARTLESS
WAS RIGHT!



LOOK OUT, GABBY!
YOUR GUN JUST
FELL INTO THE
FALL'S MESS!

THEY MUST HAVE
TIFFY, BUT THEY
AIN'T A-GOING TO
HAVE HIM LONG!



REACH, YUH OTHERY
KIDNAPING
CONVOTES!











LOBO KILLER

A "Buck Desmond" Story

ONE autumn morning, the lobo killer struck for the first time. Pedro Martinez, a Lampasas Valley sheepherder, was clambering down over a sparsely foliaged slope when he saw fifteen of his best lambs lying dead. Their throats were pitifully torn—the work of a wolf or mountain lion. Looking up, the sheepherder saw the killer racing away in the distance. It was a huge black wolf, padding swiftly through the underbrush. Desperately, Martinez ran to get his gun. But, by the time he returned, the beast had long disappeared in the hills.

Up and down the valley floor, the story was the same. Calves, mares, colts . . . all fell victim to the savage killer. And then old Jud Baker showed up with frightening news; news that spread like wildfire among the scattered ranches and farms of the valley.

"I was riding along the valley road," the white-haired rancher said, "when I saw him. Just for a second—not long enough to shoot. But I could see that he was slaving white from his jaws . . . and his eyes were wild. He's plumb loco, I tell you. He's got rabies!"

Swiftly, the men of the valley assembled—and with them the rambling cowboy, Buck Desmond, who had been riding through when the wolf struck for the first time.

"This is real bad, gente," Buck said. "I reckon you know what it means when a wolf goes loco. He won't stop at anything. He'll attack livestock and people! All he has to do is nip you, and his poison'll get into you. And if he bites one of the dogs on any of these ranches—why, you're practically certain to have a rabies epidemic!"

Somberly, the ranchers nodded. One of them, hand-rolling a twisted cigarette, tucked the makings into his pocket. "What do you reckon we ought to do, Buck?"

Buck Desmond's jaw tightened. "Go out and get him," he said. "Saddle up, every mother's son. Comb the flatlands and the slopes and the ridges until we find that crazy killer and finish

him off! This valley won't be safe until we do!"

BUCK'S ADVICE was good, and the ranchers and farmers took it.

Dividing up the region into rough sectors, they split up, riding away in pairs. Buck, assigned to cover several canyons in the upper end of the valley, found himself paired up with young Clint Baker, old Jud Baker's son. Together, they rode along, keen eyes exploring every inch of the land, searching behind every clump of grass and mesquite, questioning every moving thing.

As he rode, Buck found his eyes turning to young Clint more and more. For the boy, while he had said nothing, seemed to be growing increasingly tense and nervous! His hand clung tightly to his carbine, and his lips were pressed together in a thin bloodless line. From time to time, his eyes flickered wildly from side to side. Once, when a cottonwood sprang out from beside a bush, he began to cry aloud in terror—until he saw what it really was.

"Let's stop here for a second," Buck said, indicating a tall cottonwood that threw a cool shade on the hot canyon floor.

His blue eyes indicated his sympathy and understanding. His lean brown hand gripped the youth's shoulder reassuringly. "This job bother you, Clint?" he asked. "How old are you, son?"

"Sixteen," Clint Baker replied. "It's not that . . ." he said. "Ordinarily, I'm not afraid of most things. Riding a salty bronc, or handling ornery longhorns—that's all right . . ." Then his mouth twisted. "But I—I'm plumb sick and afraid of wolves," he said. "I had a ruckus with one when I was about eight years old. Another fella and myself were camping out when a big black one attacked us. Slashed my pal's throat. Killed him. I—I managed to wing him with my twenty-two gun. Just clipped one ear, but he got scared and ran off . . ."

"I see," Buck nodded. "And since then,

you've been leery of wolves . . . ?

"Yes!" the boy said quietly. "I can't explain it—but just the thought of them terrifies me! Pa knows it. I pleaded with him not to make me come along. But he laid down the law. He said the only way I could get over being a coward about wolves was to go after them—try and get one! That's why I'm here!"

Buck grinned.

"I see . . ." he said. "Well, stick close by me, son, and we'll see what happens. Chances are this old loco varmint has skeddaddled out of the valley by now, anyway!"

But the rabble-crazed wolf had not fled the Lampasa land!

For, half an hour later, as they kneeled their dusty ponies up a narrow bend in the trail, Buck suddenly rose in his stirrups. His arm shot out at a form lying by a huge boulder.

"Look there!"

It was a dead steer, throat slashed by cruel fangs! And the flies had scarcely begun to settle on the carcass! The kill was only minutes old!

"Quick!" harked Buck, reining his bronc off the trail toward the slain animal. "This is the work of that loco wolf, and he must be right around!" Side by side the man and the boy leaped toward the steer. Buck's desert-trained eyes caught a smear of blood on the boulder, and another against a leaf, farther up the slope. Together, they raced up the incline, hot on the trail. It was then that it happened!

THERE WAS A SAVAGE, throaty snarl, and a black form launched itself from the underbrush straight at them! It was the loco wolf—huge and powerfully muscled, eyes gleaming yellow, white foam dripping from long, razor-like fangs! Straight at Buck's horse, the killer lunged! With a shrill whinny of fear, the bronc reared back, twisting wildly. At the same moment, Clint Baker, dropping his gun, spurred his pony away, averting the charge of the vicious beast!

As Buck's horse reared high in the air, the rambling cowhand cowered at the reins, trying to bring the bronc under control. But so terrified was the boy that, twisting to the side, it fell back. Unable to spring clear, Buck was partly pinned beneath the struggling horse!

Now the giant wolf, growling deep in his throat, whirled about. He had missed, in his first furious charge. But now the man was helpless, trapped beneath the horse that was fighting to rise. Sweat rolling down his forehead, Buck reached furiously for his carbine, on the

underside of the horse. He could not get his arm under—and all the while, the wolf was coming closer and closer!

The wolf was flattened close to the ground now, tail lashing from side to side, crouching, ready to spring! All at once, with a bestial growl, gathering all his steel-muscled strength, the crazed lobo sprang toward Buck!

But at that moment, another form lunged into Buck's vision! It was Clint Baker. In the split second before the wolf's mighty jaws could rip Buck's helpless throat, the rancher's son flung himself in its path. In desperation, his young hands clutched the beast's furry neck, holding his limbs away at arm's length! Together, the two rolled over and over—the wolf, struggling to slash his human enemy, the boy trying as valiantly to prevent the bite that would mean almost certain death!

At this moment, Buck's horse managed to regain his footing and pull himself up. Swiftly, the rambling cowboy gripped his carbine, brought it to bear. For a moment, the wolf's huge head was brought in profile. Buck squeezed the trigger.

A shot echoed through the canyon, and the wolf fell back—lifeless. Trembling, Clint Baker passed a white hand over his forehead. "H-he almost killed y-you, Buck," he whispered.

Buck rose painfully and limped over to the youth. He put his arm around his shoulder. "He would have killed me," he said. "If you hadn't turned around and come back! You'd dropped your gun; it was practically sure death to do it! And you could just have run away . . ."

CLINT BAKER slowly shook his head from side to side. "No, I couldn't," he said, hesitatingly. "I—I realized I had to square a debt. You remember, I told you about this buddy of mine that had been killed by a loco yifter before? And how I just managed to wing that wolf with my twenty-two?"

Buck nodded wonderingly.

"But what does that—"

Clint Baker pointed a slender finger down at the slain lobo. Lying against the mud, they could see that its right ear had a jagged wound in it. It looked like an old scar, one that had been made years before. It was the kind of wound that might have been made by a boy's twenty-two . . .

THE END

GABBY HAYES

and THE WHITE ANTELOPE

LASSO THEM
GALLOPING JAWB
TOGETHER, YOU
GILL GHOSTER!
I AM TO SAY MY
PEACE FIRST!

DISMISST IT, BULLFROG,
QUIT YOUR USLY CROWING!
YOU'LL DRIVE 'EM AWAY
AFORS I MAKE MY
OWN PALAVER!

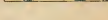
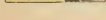
Gabby Hayes and
Bullfrog Banks, battle
to speak first before
the council of the
Antelope tribe, but the
gloomy chieftains can
think of nothing but
that fabulous creature,
that rare and elusive
owner of good luck.

The WHITE ANTELOPE!

LISTEN, CHIEFS!
AS THE FOREMAN
OF THE SAGE NOTHING
RANCH I—

ONLY
ONE WAY
TO SHUT
THAT SNEY
MOUTH!

DRAT YOUR
DRIERY HIDE!
I'LL FLING YOU
CLEAR BACK TO
YOUR FOND,
BULLFROG!





Meanwhile, Bullfrog grows impatient







Inside the lodge, Gabby breaks free from his captors.....

NOBODY'S GONNA CUT MY HAIR BUT THE BARBER!



STUPID WHITE MAN
BROKE LODGE
POLE!



THE TRIBE WILL HATE ME
FOR THIS! I RECKON
I COULD USE A
LUCKY WHITE
ANTELOPE
MYSELF!



AWH!
KILL THE
EVIL
SPIRIT!

NOTHING AHEAD
BUT FEAR! IT'S
GONNA BE TOUGH
TO HIDE FROM
THEM BOMBERS!



HE
MUST NOT
ESCAPE!



I'LL COVER UP!
IT'S MY ONLY
CHANCE!



Gabby's curious behavior attracts a
passer-by--none other than the
fabulous white antelope!



YWK! SOME CRITTER'S
MOVING AROUND!
THAT'LL MAKE
THE INDIANS
SUSPICIOUS!

SHUFF!
SHUFF!

EXTRAORDINARY
WINDOBB!





The antelope chases Bullfrog back to the Indian village....



I CONFESS!
(GRRR!!)
I WHITEWASHED
THE OTHER
ANTELOPE!



I RECKON EVERYBODY
HEARD WHO THE EVIL
SPIRIT REALLY
IS!



HERE'S YOUR WHITE
ANTELOPE, CHEF!
HOPE HE BRINGS YOU
AS MUCH GOOD LUCK
AS HE BROUGHT ME!



NO BRAVES WOULD
LOWER THEMSELVES
BY TOUCHING YOU,
EVIL ONE!! I TURN YOU
OVER TO THE SQUAWKS!



PROSPECTOR PETE



HEY, WHERE ARE
YOU RUNNIN' TO,
PETE?

HI YA, OLD
TIMER!



I'M RUNNIN' TO TAKE
A LOOK AT THE
RAILROAD THEY
JUST BUILT!

RAILROAD
HIMPH!



THEM NEW FANGLED THINGS
AIN'T NO GOOD! THEY
DON'T NEVER WORK!



DON'T BE SILLY, OLD TIMER,
RAILROADS HAVE BEEN
PERFECTED FOR MANY
YEARS!



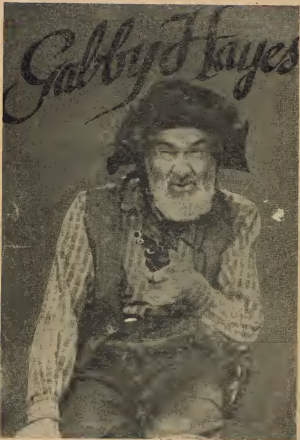
HAW! WHAT DID I TELL
YA? I TOLD YA THAT
RAILROADS WAS
NO GOOD!!



— SEE! THE RAILROAD AIN'T TWO HOURS
OLD AND ALREADY THE LOCOMOTIVE
IS BURNIN' UP!!



ART
HELFBART



Gabby Hayes

GABBY HAYES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



characters, names & all other elements used

THE TEEN TITANS

© 2000 DC Comics



Four Titans copyright of DC Comics